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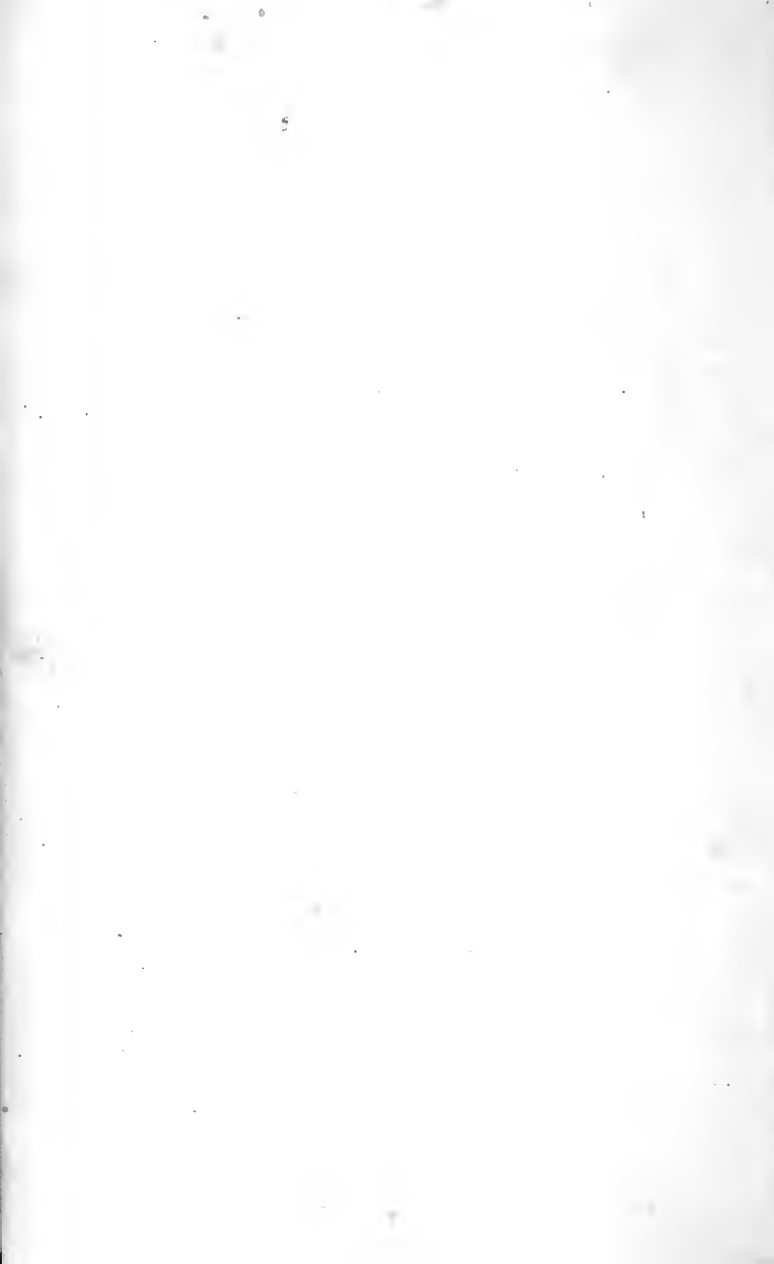


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THE VILLAGE WREATH.

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THE
VILLAGE WREATH,

BY

THOMAS KENINGTON,
THOMAS FREDERICK LOCKYER,
AND
CHARLES WILLIAM LEACH.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.
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PREFACE.

The Authors of "THE VILLAGE WREATH" do not consider many prefatory remarks necessary on the introduction of their book to the public.

They are perfectly aware that the literary critic will not fail to discover many faults in the following Poems, yet hope the general reader will be interested in their perusal.

The profit arising from the sale of this work, will be given to the funds of the Bardney Wesleyan Chapel.

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INDEX.

	PAGE.
<i>Our Wreath</i>	1
<i>Man</i>	2
<i>The Church Bells</i>	4
<i>Abide with me</i>	7
<i>The Life Boat</i>	8
<i>The Widow of Nain</i>	9
<i>Faith</i>	12
<i>A Prayer</i>	13
<i>The Floweret</i>	14
<i>"Peace, Be Still"</i>	16
<i>Sabbath Morn</i>	22
<i>Charity</i>	23
<i>"We wept when we remembered Zion"</i>	24
<i>Lessons from Nature</i>	26
<i>Infidelity</i>	27
<i>Blind, Deaf, and Dumb</i>	30
<i>Woman</i>	33
<i>Sunset</i>	34
<i>Come, my love</i>	35
<i>Home</i>	37

	PAGE.
<i>The Husband's Lament</i> . . .	38
<i>Woman's Love</i> . . .	39
<i>The Sailor's Wife</i> . . .	41
<i>To the Ocean</i> . . .	43
<i>There was an hour</i> . . .	45
<i>The Battle Field</i> . . .	46
<i>The Angel's Whisper</i> . . .	48
<i>The Sabbath</i> . . .	50
<i>The Two Dreams and the Desert Mirage</i> .	53
<i>Glimpses of Paradise</i> . . .	57
<i>The Death of Moses</i> . . .	59
<i>Blind Bartimeus</i> . . .	60
<i>The Christian's Death</i> . . .	62
<i>The Church Yard</i> . . .	63
<i>"King of Kings and Lord of Lords"</i> .	65
<i>The Chase</i> . . .	68
<i>Fanny's Death</i> . . .	73
<i>Faith, Hope, and Charity</i> . . .	74
<i>To the Christian</i> . . .	75

OUR WREATH.

We boast not queenly flowers,
Of rare and brilliant hue ;
A garland weaved in tropic bowers,
All gorgeous to the view.

We pluck no rich exotics,
Nor twine them in our wreath ;
We search beneath the hedge-row's shade,
And on the sunny heath.

Our flowerets love seclusion,
Nor court the gaze of men ;
We cull them near the bubbling brook,
And in the shady glen.

Their hues may not be gaudy,
But fragrant is their breath ;
Then view them not disdainfully,
Nor scorn our lowly wreath.

T. F. LOCKYER.

MAN.

HOW finely formed in soul and body too
Is man, the image of his Maker, God ;
Fallen from Eden's purity 'tis true,
A noble wreck of what was pure and good.

His mind can soar aloft on pinions strong,
Or penetrate earth's caverned depths unseen ;
Can track the golden path of stars along,
And tell us whence they came,—where they have been.

A noble wreck ! and all his glory gone !
How noble then, when man knew nought but love ;
So God-like then, his every feature shone
With radiance bright, as the fair skies above.

Pure then his soul, and all his actions pure,
He sin nor knew, nor felt its with'ring blight ;
His soul its great Creator's impress bore,
And shone resplendent with celestial light.

His body made fit temple for the soul,
(Proportionate in parts) was faultless too ;
And so combined the parts, that as a whole,
'Twas perfect, comely, beauteous to the view.

Man stood erect, he knew nor sin, nor shame,
Knew God alone, saw God in all around ;
On every floweret read his Maker's name,
And heard God's voice in every murm'ring sound.

Then, nature could direct man's soul on high,
Man knew 'twas God alone who all things made ;
'Twas God his Father formed the arching sky,
He knew 'twas God, hence adoration paid.

'Twas God alone divided night from day,
Made sun and moon to shine at His command ;
'Twas God marked out their course and tracked their way,
Bore them 'mid Heaven in His almighty hand.

'Twas God alone who fixed aloft the stars,
Bestrewed all Heaven with gems, and clad the sky ;
The planets formed, bright Venus, dusky Mars,
And bade them shine from yonder regions high.

'Twas God alone who scented Eden's flowers,
And God alone formed all its shaded nooks ;
And God's creative hand entwined its bowers,
God op'd its springs, and channel'd all its brooks.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

THE morning sun was shining
With un-beclouded light ;
The birds were blithely singing,
Their plumage smooth and bright ;

The Western breeze was creeping
Through Summer's foliage gay,
And pearly dew-drops sparkled
On every leafy spray ;

When, walking near a streamlet
That rippled 'neath the trees,
I heard a sound of music,
Borne thither on the breeze.

'Twas music from a belfry,
And merry was the sound ;
And, as I rambled onward
Across the dewy ground,

I met a youthful couple,
A peasant and his bride :
That morn by sacred fingers
The nuptial knot was tied.

Their faces beamed with pleasure ;
 Lightly they trod the ground :
For them the bells were ringing
 With such a merry sound.

* * *

A year passed : I was walking
 Beneath the same green trees ;
As erst, the birds were singing,
 And gentle was the breeze ;

When from the same church belfry
 Pealed forth a solemn tone :
The muffled bell was tolling
 For some departed one.

As I walked on, reflecting
 On man's uncertain life,
I met a weeping couple,
 A peasant and his wife.

A year before I met them
 When they were full of joy ;
A happy stalwart peasant,
 A blushing bride, and coy.

His face was now o'ershadowed
With misery untold,
And down his sunburnt features
The tears of sorrow rolled.

Her heart was rent with anguish,
Her soul oppressed with grief;
The woe that knows no comfort,
And cannot find relief.

That eve they had committed
Their first-born to the tomb:
The bell that then was tolling
Increased their spirit gloom.

T. F. LOCKYER.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

THROUGH Life's vast Desert drear
Be Thou my Guide.
Jesus, be ever near,
My fainting heart to cheer ;
When sinks my soul with fear,
With me abide !

While timidly my bark I steer
O'er Life's rough Sea ;
When "rocks of pride," and waves of fear,
And "whirlpools of despair" are near,
My Pilot be :
When storm-clouds overspread the skies,
And high the angry billows rise,
"Abide with me !"

While in the raging War of Life
My strength is tried ;
When most o'erwhelming are my foes,
And Satan's direst bands oppose,
And deadly hate and rage are rife,
Be at my side :
When stormiest is the battle-strife,
With me abide !

T. F. LOCKVER.

THE LIFE BOAT.

THE rough winds blow, the sea runs high,
The light'nings play across the sky,
They venture forth ;—or live, or die,—
To rescue some from death.

The signal of distress they tell
The oars-men need no other spell ;
But mightily they pull, and well,
To rescue some from death.

The wild waves dash with mighty roar,
Aghast men stand upon the shore,
While stout arms pull the dripping oar
To rescue some from death.

The billows round them wildly leap,
But still a steady arm they keep,
And nobly plough the foaming deep
To rescue some from death.

The cry now rises from the shore,
Re-echoed by the tempest's roar
“They're safe, the life-boat pulls to shore,
They've rescued all from death.”

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Faintly across the landscape steals
The first grey dawn of morning bright,
And silent nature scarcely feels
Awakened by the glimmering-light.

Yet swiftly all around is clad
In richest garb of colours gay,
And now, all nature making glad,
The sun bursts forth in open day.

But ere the sun had clothed the hills,
Or fringed with gold the mountain side,
Or danced among the murm'ring rills,
Or bathed itself in ocean tide ;

Yea, long ere this, a widow lone,
Wasted with sorrow, bends her head ;
Her hope, her pride, her stay is gone,
Her son, her only son ! is dead !

Mutely she gazes, though 'tis dark,
Her quick discerning eye can trace,
And many lovely features mark,
Upon his calm and peaceful face.

She gazeth still, though high in heaven
The sun, 'mid dazzling glory shines,
Her breast with anguish seemeth riven,
So mournfully the widow pines.

She leaves him not, but takes her seat,
And lingers o'er his placid clay ;
Her lifeless pulse scarce seems to beat,
The whole of this eventful day.

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Look now, with solemn step and slow,
A throng of mourners wend their way ;
And see, the widow, bending low,
Her love's last service strives to pay.

She to the gloomy grave repairs,
In sadness and in silent grief ;
No friend at this sad moment dares
To tender words of kind relief.

Her grief is too profound and deep
To be assuaged by mortal man ;
'Tis such she even scarce can weep,
She mourns as none but mothers can.

But raise thy head, O mourner see !
There, in thy path the Saviour stands ;
Mark thou Him well, for sure 'tis He,
And life and death are in His hands.

List to His voice ! "Weep not," He says,
And moveth onward, thee to meet ;
Compassion beameth in His eyes,
And pity moves His hastening feet.

Thy grief is His, He feels thy pain ;
Thy Saviour would thy sorrow share ;
Thou hast not served thy Lord in vain,
Who doth for all His children care.

Look ! He advances to the bier
Whereon, asleep, thy loved one lies ;
Dispels thy gloom, allays thy fear,
And bids thy only son arise.

He rises ! see ! with racer's speed
His blood bounds fresh thro' swelling veins,
His loosened muscle once more freed,
Its suppleness now quickly gains.

And colour mounts quick on his cheeks,
Life's fire 'gain flashes in his eye,
Which scans the crowd, an object seeks—
The widowed mother standing by.

The widow and her boy now meet,
Meet, as they never met before ;
And bending low at Jesu's feet,
Their Saviour and their friend adore.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

FAITH.

LOOKING thro' the future, grasping the unseen,
Heeding not the present, darksome tho' it seem ;
Trusting God's word ever, scorning doubt and fear,
Faith doth waver never, ever of "good cheer!"

THOMAS KENINGTON.

A PRAYER.

WITH reverential awe I bow
Before Thy sacred throne ;
Descend O God and meet me now,
For Jesu's sake alone ;
And for His sake O God give ear,
And hearken to my cry ;
Fill me with holy love and fear,
For full of sin am I.
Take full possession of my heart,
Remove my load of sin,
Thy cleansing, saving grace impart,
And reign alone within ;
Teach me my wants, that I may pray
According to Thy will ;
And lead me in the heavenly way,
To Zion's holy hill.

CHARLES WILLIAM LEACH.

THE FLOWERET.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

PLANTED and tended by the hand of God,
A lovely floweret grew :
Sweet was the fragrance that it shed abroad,
And beautiful its hue.

Nourished and strengthened by the dews of Heaven,
It graced the smiling green ;
The loveliness increased that God had given,
But modest was its mien.

The gentle Zephyrs fanned its petals fair,
In sultry summer hours ;
Wafted its fragrance through the balmy air,—
The sweetest of the flowers.

But soon the beauteous flower began to fade,
It hung its tiny head ;
Its withered petals on the ground were laid ;
Its loveliness had fled.

Then God, who had preserved it from its birth,
In His unbounded love
Removed the cherished flow'ret from the earth,
And planted it above.

Revived, it blossoms now on Canaan's plains,
In Paradise it grows ;
Nor cheered by sunbeams, nor refreshed by rains,
With fadeless hues it blows.

T. F. LOCKYER.

“PEACE, BE STILL.”

SOFTLY fell the shades of evening
On the lake of Galilee,
When a tiny, white-winged vessel
Glided forth upon the sea.

All the gorgeous hues of sunset
Blended in the glowing west ;
Fleecy clouds of richest crimson
Gathered round the mountain's crest.

Soft and gentle were the breezes,
Perfumed by the fragrant grove ;
All their whispers told of fondness,
Every sigh was fraught with love.

Calm and lovely was the bosom
Of the fair Gennesareth ;
Mirroring the blush of sunset,
Dimpled by the Zephyr's breath.

Grand and stately stood the mountains,
Like the giant-kings of old ;
Lifting up their heads to heaven,
Crowned with clouds of royal gold.

Like a bird upon the ocean
Sped the tiny vessel on ;
Rippling the reposeful water
Where the sunset's glory shone.

Full of grace was every motion
As she spread her snowy sails ;
As she gently floated onward,
Wafted by propitious gales.

Wavelets, wakened from their slumber,
Smiled and sported all around ;
Singing, as they danced beside her,
With a soft, melodious sound.

Woody by sweetly-scented breezes,
Ripples laughing in her wake,
Onward sailed the lovely vessel
O'er the pure, pellucid lake.

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Suddenly the sky was darkened ;
Frowning clouds, with angry gaze,
Overspread the smiling azure,
Belted with a livid blaze.

Circling scrolls of inky blackness
Shrouded now the mountain's crest :
Hidden were the fleecy cloudlets,
And the blushes of the West.

Lightnings, leaping from their caverns,
Darted through the trembling air ;
Flashed across the pitchy blackness,
Lighting it with vivid glare.

Angry thunders, loudly roaring,
Bursting from their horrid hold,
Madly hurtling through the darkness,
O'er the vaulted heavens rolled.

Hushed was now the Zephyr's whisper,
Silent was its gentle breath,
As the fierce, impetuous tempest
Swept across Gennesareth.

Loudly roared the raging billows
As they wakened from their sleep ;
As they lashed themselves with fury,
Racing madly o'er the deep.

Full of grandeur were the heavens,
Where the lightning wrote its name :
Full of grandeur were the mountains,
Girdled with a living flame.

Full of grandeur were the waters
In the vessel's stormy path :
Full of grandeur were the billows,
Foaming in their fretful wrath.

Tossed and driven was the vessel
By the wild, infuriate blast ;
While the tempest in its anger
Tore the canvas from the mast.

Then the crew, alarmed and frightened,
Turned to One who lay asleep,
Heeding not the tempest's clamour,
Nor the raging of the deep.

"Master, save us, or we perish !"
Was their wild, despairing cry.
Then He rose, the Man Christ Jesus,
With a calm, untroubled eye.

Plain and humble though His garments,
Royalty was on His brow,
As He stood, erect and kingly,
On the vessel's battered prow.

Looking at the blackened heavens,
Robed in awful majesty ;
Gazing on the angry billows
As they coursed along the Sea :

Lordly grandeur in His bearing,
Grace imperial in His form,
Jesus said with calm composure,
'Mid the tumult of the storm,—

“ Peace ! Be still ! thou raging tempest !
Peace ! Be still ! Gennesareth ! ”
While the wondering sailors whispered,
“ Listen what the Saviour saith ! ”

Then the tempest ceased its fury
In obedience to His will :
Hushed was all its wrathful clamour
By the mandate, “ Peace ! Be still ! ”

Then the forked and fiery lightnings
 Flashed across the sky no more :
Then the deep-mouthed, angry thunders
 Ceased at once their awful roar.

Then was folded from the heavens
 All their black and dismal shroud ;
And the sky appeared in beauty,
 Soft and blue, without a cloud.

Then the storm-blast stayed its howling,
 Hushed by Christ's almighty word :
Then the billows ceased their raging,
 Yielding to the Sovereign Lord.

Once again the Sea was lovely
 In its pure, untroubled rest :
Once again the wooing breezes
 Softly kissed its blushing breast.

Then again the vessel glided,
 Wafted by the Zephyr's breath,
O'er the calm, unruffled waters
 Of the Lake Gennesareth.

T. F. LOCKYER.

SABBATH MORN.

SOFT and sweet the sound of bells
Ripples over hills and dells :
Feathered choirs with lively strains
Wake the echoes of the plains :
Purling brooks in softer lays
Murmur their Creator's praise :
Nought but music stirs the air :
Christian ! 'tis the hour of prayer.

T. F. LOCKYER.

CHARITY.

FAIREST of the "fairest three,"
Heaven-born, heaven-bound charity;
Principle divinely pure,
Willing all things to endure;
Come, and chase dark night away,
Come, and bring eternal day;
Beaming forth in rays divine,
Brightly on this cold world shine.

Darker than the blackest night
Is man's breast, without thy light;
Come, and shining from above,
Kindle there a flame of love.
Earth and all things welcome thee
Heavenly offspring—Charity:
Rivers in their onward flow,
Flowers as they lowly grow.

The lily with its drooping head,
The violet in its "grassy bed,"
With odours sweet the air perfume,
Shedding fragrance where they bloom,
Teaching man that he may give,
Fragrance wheresoe'er he live,
And like flowers thus impart,
Joy and gladness to the heart.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

“ WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION.”

TWO gentle forms I yonder see,
Of beauteous shape, tho' plainly clad ;
Their dark hair waves in tresses free,
They look so lovely, yet so sad.

Their anguish deep to none they tell,
But under dire oppression groan,
In Babylon's proud land they dwell
As captives, slighted and unknown.

They think of Zion, of that land
Where once they roamed, secure and free ;
But now, by Babel's streams they stand,
Strangers to home and liberty.

They think of days, now fled and gone,
When, unmolested and secure,
They praised their God in dance and song
And drank from Jordan's stream, so pure.

Their harps, which hang on willows by,
Now, wafted by the ev'ning air,
In mournful notes together sigh,
As if to soothe the captives' care.

They listen to the sweet sad song,
Play'd by the Zephyrs' gentle breath,
And think of days all past and gone,
And sigh, unconsciously, for death.

But Babel's palaces and towers,
In the dim twilight fade away,
And, in the calm of night's still hours,
The Jewish exiles strive to pray.

Behold they pray ! while all around
Is hushed in solemn midnight sleep,
And, undisturbed by earthly sound,
These faithful ones their vigil keep.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

WHERE'ER I turn my eyes I see,
Thy noble works, great Majesty ;
The sun that shines so bright by day
Till evening bids him sink away ;
The moon and stars that fill his place,
And run all night their goodly race,
Making the lonely hours of night
Less lonely with their gentle light—
These heavenly orbs that brightly shine,
Teach lessons of Thy power divine ;
E'en shrubs and plants, they all declare
With one loud voice, Lo ! God is here !
The beast, the field, the bird, the tree,
And all the lovely things that be,
All, all declare with one loud voice
Thy ruling power, and cry " Rejoice !"
Help me, O Lord, my voice to raise,
And with all nature sing Thy praise ;
And with all nature cry aloud
Holy ! Holy ! is the Lord !

CHARLES WILLIAM LEACH.

INFIDELITY.

AND dost thou with unblushing front stand forth,
And with an air assumed, and dignified withal,
Assert "there is no God?"
Thou fool! a fool or hypocrite thou art!
Glance in thine own mirror, in secret view thyself,
And say, doth not thine heart accuse thee?
And thy own vaunted principle; ay, e'en thy common sense
Vote thou art wrong: deceiving, self-deceived;
Part hypocrite, part fool, so far to be misled!
None but a fool can think there is no God:
'Tis clear to all clear-headed men! they see 'tis God!
God's path in heaven they mark, and gazing upward
Cry, "The Heavens declare Thy glory Lord,
They show Thy handywork."
"Poor reasoning" thou say'st; "'twas chance, not God,
That formed all things thus" (most wondrous *chance-hit*)
Thou tell'st me then, chance rolls the earth along,
And bears 'mid space the globe on which we tread;
That combined forces, acting thereupon,
Equal in power, stay this old earth 'mid air,
And other secret force give motion to the ball;
And lightly speak'st of all created things,
As though some new-born plan, coined in thy shallow brain
Were e'en the best, and thou a puny man
Could'st form a world alone.

Believe the truth, O man ! 'twas God who made the world,
And Satan coined thy lie !

Thou wilt not credence give, forsooth
Because thou canst not understand.

Hast thou not read, His ways are hidden and past finding
out ?

Poor reasoning is thine ; or why forsooth
Dost thou not doubt thine own existence ?

For, canst thou tell the springs of human life ?
Or canst thou understand thy body's functions ?

Or canst thou fully comprehend
How each sev'ral organ of thy frame

Is just adapted to its several office ?

Canst thou tell how 'tis thine eye receives impression
Say—of danger nigh—

Thence telegraphs thy brain with thrice electric speed,
Thy brain reacting then, and by mysterious power
Of action on thy nerves

Preparing thy whole frame for struggle, if need be !
Prithee tell, O wise one, how 'tis thus

That matter acts on mind, and mind on matter !
Explain their unity, then tell their difference !

No ! thou dost blush at thine own ignorance !

Then, why essay to search out God ?

Thy mind too is beclouded ; mists of sin, of lust,
Of self, of pride, have gathered thickly round

And densely hover 'tween thyself and God !

Cease then to scoff, 'cause thou canst not explain,

Cease to deride, 'cause thou dost not revere,
And lowly bend before Almighty God,
Avow thine ignorance, acknowledge His greatness,
Ask much forgiveness ; and with Israel's King,
The pious David, say,
“ Thy Hands have made me,” Lord, and I am Thine,
“ O give me wisdom, Lord, that I may learn Thy ways ! ”

THOMAS KENINGTON.

BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB.

'T WAS eve : I walked beside the purling brook,
That gently flowed along to join the river :
Sweet summer flowerets smiled in every nook,
And listened to the streamlet, murmuring ever.
The sun, fast setting in the glowing West,
Gilded, with gorgeous crimson tints, the sky :
Each feathered songster sought its downy nest,
Concealed by foliage in the grove hard by.

On the greensward three merry children played,
Laughing and shouting in their youthful joy :
Two others by the rippling streamlet strayed,
A fair-haired maiden, and a lovely boy.
Along the bank they wandered, hand in hand :
The girl oft stopped to view the western sky,
Or stooped to cull the flowers that decked the strand,
Or listened to the streamlet flowing by.

The boy's face wore a pensive, serious mien,
Though scarce nine summers had passed o'er his head :
He played not with the children on the green,
Nor saw the glowing sun, as, brilliant, red,
And like a ball of solid fire, he sank
Lower and lower in the radiant West :
He heeded not the flowerets on the bank,
Nor saw the birds that, warbling, flew to rest.

The murmur of the brook he did not hear,
As 'tween the flower-fringed banks it flowed along ;
As, purling o'er the pebbles, bright and clear,
It ever softly sang the same sweet song :
As now beneath the trees it sang in shade,
Now round the flowery mead did rippling, wind,
Or now flowed gently onward through the glade :
He heard not, saw not : he was deaf and blind.

Ne'er did he see the radiant King of Day
Arise at morn, enrobed in crimson vest ;
Nor watch him shoot his last and feeblest ray,
While disappearing in the empurpled West.
Ne'er did he see at eve the cloudless sky,
With countless fulgent orbs bespangled o'er ;
Nor view the silvery Queen of Night on high,
Walking in splendour on the star-paved floor.

He never saw the beauteous, fragrant flowers,
That graced the garden, and the grassy plain ;
That bloomed in beauty on the rustic bowers,
And decked the dwelling of the lowly swain.
He never saw the rose, the lily fair,
The honeysuckle, or the jessamine ;
The gorgeous tulip, famed for beauty rare,
The mantling ivy, or the clinging vine.

Ne'er did he hear the cheerful thrush's song,
The twitter of the lark, the linnet's lay ;
The music of the brook, that flowed along,
Purling and singing ever on its way :
Nor, on a Sabbath morn, in that still hour
When men for worship meet, the merry chime
Of church-bells, floating from the ivied tower,
That in the smiling valley stood sublime.

His loving mother never heard his voice,
For he was dumb : but now in Heaven above,
Arrayed in white, he doth with saints rejoice,
And sing in heavenly strains of Jesu's love.
He sees the seraph strike his golden lyre,
And bow to Him who did for sin atone ;
He hears the music of the angel-choir,
And sees the splendour of Jehovah's throne.

T. F. LOCKYER.

WOMAN.

WHO is it soothes the sorrowing heart,
And heals the soul of wound and smart
By many a soft, persuasive art ?
'Tis Woman.

Who is it shares our grief and woe,
Comforts and cheers us when we're low,
And kindles in our breasts a glow ?
'Tis Woman.

When we are wasted, worn, and weak,
With burning brow, and fevered cheek,
Who is it so resigned and meek ?
'Tis Woman.

In nights of sickness and of gloom,
When we are bordering on the tomb,
What gentle form flits through the room ?
'Tis Woman.

T. F. LOCKYER.

SUNSET

ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1867.

THE King of Day, that long has tried in vain
To show his beaming face to anxious crowds,
To smile on Nature, and with kindly eye
To watch the weary reapers at their toil ;
Whom frowning clouds have foiled, while with stern gaze
They chilled the hearts of disappointed swains ;
Gathers his crimson vestments round him now,
And with indignant mien, through hostile ranks,
Walks to the radiant portals of the West,
That ope at his approach. With flashing eye
He now withdraws, to smile in fairer climes,
And cheer, unchecked, a brighter hemisphere.
At his departure gloom pervades the face
Of Nature. Murmuring Zephyrs sigh, and tell
The tale of sorrow to lamenting sprays,
That bow their heads, and soon are bathed in tears.
The feathered warblers cease their trilling strains,
And seek the lone recesses of the grove.
The eyes of flowerets glisten as they droop,
And mourn in silence their departed lord.
Relenting clouds turn red with shame, and weep
Tears of repentance o'er a sorrowing world.

T. F. LOCKYER.

COME, MY LOVE.

COME, my love, and walk with me
'Neath the spreading forest-tree :
Where the pearly dew-drops glitter ;
Where the feathered songsters twitter ;
Where the gentle western breeze
Murmurs softly through the trees ;
Where the purling brook flows, sparkling ;
Where in shade it ripples, darkling :
Where the sky peeps from above,
Come and walk with me, my love.

Come, my love, and walk with me
O'er the flower-besprinkled lea :
Where the buttercups are blowing ;
Where the sweet-breathed kine are lowing :
Come and walk upon the hill,
Near the rushing, gurgling rill :
Come and walk beside the river,
Flowing smoothly, grandly ever :
In the cool and shady grove
Come and walk with me, my love.

Come, my love, and walk with me
'Neath the azure canopy :

When the birds have ceased their twittering ;
When the countless stars are glittering ;
When the sun has sunk to rest
In the glowing, crimsoned West ;
When, illumed by many a beamlet,
Sparkles every rippling streamlet :
When the moon shines bright above,
Come and walk with me, my love.

T. F. LOCKYER.

HOME.

WHEN distant from home, 'mid business and care,
Our minds are "At Home" with friends that are there ;
We all have respect for the place of our birth,
And call our sweet home the best spot on earth.
Home's rest for the weary, 'tis there they may find
Comfort and ease, and friends true and kind.

If such be the blessings of home here below
What heavenly blessings will that one bestow,
Where "there's rest for the weary," where care's at an end,
Where suffering and sorrow our hearts shall ne'er rend,
Where the Saviour wipes tear-drops from every eye,
Where there's not the least murmur, nor breath of a sigh,
Where there is no darkness, nor shadow of night,
Nor need of a Sun : where God is our light ;
Where harps are all strung, where sweet songs all sing,
Giving glory and honour to Jesus our King.

CHARLES WILLIAM LEACH.

THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

AND art thou gone ? thy gentle spirit fled !
The partner of my life, my earthly all ;
It cannot be, thou art not surely dead !
And yet thou art ! I cannot thee recall.

Thy gentle voice ! which oft like music sweet
Hath charmed my soul, I never more shall hear ;
Thy loving heart ! it never more shall beat
Affection's throb : thine eye ne'er shed a tear.

Alas ! thou'rt dead ! thine eye hath grown quite dim,
Thy cheek is pale, thy forehead icy cold ;
Thou canst not breathe ; and now each stiffened limb
Is fast encased in death's strong iron mould.

Why should I mourn ? though cold in death thou art
And I alone—yet thy pure soul is free ;
Thou art in heaven, and I on earth must part,
Yet, blessed thought ! that I can follow thee.

In surest hope I give thee to the grave,
In certain hope that thou once more wilt rise ;
Trusting that I, on life's tempestuous wave
Shall steer my bark to meet thee in the skies.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

HAST thou a woman's heart ? thy treasure hold secure,
For, hath she that bestowed, thou hast her *all* !
Her love, 'tis deep, abiding, firm,
And but the brighter shines in trial's hour ;
Her friendship e'en is good ;
Her presence tends to elevate man's thought ;
Her converse too hath charm ;
To her the scenes of daily life are not exposed,
As oft they appear to men ;
She, pure and good, is half a stranger
To the world and to its manners ;
Therefore her converse is more chaste,
More holy, more refined, than business talk,
And gossip of the street.
A virtuous man, in woman sees
True loveliness—yea, loveliness of soul ;
And holds her friendship as God's gift,
Granted by Heaven, to chase afar
Much worldly care and trial.
But he who hath her love, her heart,
And with it hath God's love,
Is rich, is blessed with Heaven's best gifts.
Her love's her *all*, her noble self,
Unchangeable, undying, firm and fixed !

No change of circumstance restricts its flow,
No barriers stay its current !
And base is he, who having " wooed and won "
 A woman worthy,
Repents his act, and seeks again
For the sole sake of change.
Base and unworthy to be loved is he
Who opes the spring of woman's tender heart
And then forsakes and leaves it open
 Bleeding ! dying ! lost !

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

BLACK clouds were gathering round,
And stout hearts quaked with fear,
As a hollow moaning sound,
Told that the storm was near.

And the lightnings' vivid flash,
The thunders' pealing roar,
And the breaking, heavy dash
Of the waves upon the shore

Bespoke a furious gale,
A fearful night at sea ;
And a woman's cheek blanched pale,
As the waves rose angrily.

She gazed on the surging deep,
Which bore upon its breast,
A loved one she fain would keep,
The one her soul loved best.

Then, she raised a sigh to heaven,
Amid the tempest's roar,
That shelter might be given
Until the storm was o'er.

And calm on the beach she stood,
And watched the frothing foam ;
And trusted God—that He would
Guide her belov'd one home.

And at early dawn he sailed,
With his tiny bark in sight ;
For God's mercy had not failed,
Nor woman's love, that night.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou boundless Ocean!
Roll on, thou glorious Sea!
Roll on, with ceaseless motion,
The fetterless, the free!

How beautiful thy breast of blue,
When mirroring the azure hue
Of the unclouded sky!
And when, in the still 'noon of night,'
Reflecting all the points of light
That stud heaven's canopy!
How beautiful thy blushing cheek,
When kissed by morn's bright, rosy streak!
How beautiful at close of day,
When flushed by sunset's crimson ray!
How graceful, when thy billows sleep,
Thy wavelets are, thou mighty deep!
How beautiful thy heaving breast,
When even they are lulled to rest!
When thy dread hosts put forth their might,
Sublime and awful is the sight!
When lightnings flash from frowning cloud,
And thunders, terrible and loud,
Burst from the caverns of the sky;
And when thy billows raise on high

Their curls of froth, and crests of foam,
As if to scale the embattled dome ;
Grand and terrific is the wave
That seems the thunder-cloud to lave !

How grand thy music when the billows roar,
Rolling in majesty upon the shore !

How sweet thy music when the wave

Flows softly on the pebbled strand ;

Thy waters singing as they lave

With cooling tide 'the shelving sand !

Thy music now is like the chimes

Of silver bells in fairy climes ;

Now, when thy waves their voices raise,

Like some Cathedral peal of praise.

When wavelets dance o'er glittering shells,

'Tis like the sound of marriage-bells ;

But the sad moaning of thy surge

Is like a solemn, funeral dirge.

Roll on, thou boundless Ocean !

Roll on, thou glorious Sea !

Roll on, with ceaseless motion,

The fetterless, the free !

T. F. LOCKYER.

THERE WAS AN HOUR.

THERE was a happy hour,
When, in a grove,
Beneath a shady bower,
I spoke my love :
When thou in tones so sweet
Didst answer me—
Methinks I hear thee now repeat—
“ And I love thee ! ”

Ne'er did I think that thou
Would'st faithless prove ;
Would'st break that solemn vow
Of constant love.
Those moments all are flown,
Like sunset's hue ;
The heart I fondly deemed my own
Has proved untrue !

T. F. LOCKYER.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE victors' proud shout still fell on my ear,
As I wended my course 'mid the wounded and slain,
Where groanings re-echoed the triumphant cheer,
And Death counted his victims on hill top and plain.

I followed his track until calm eventide,
Till night shades fast closed round the desolate scene,
And then 'mid the darkness I kept at his side,
Tho' chill felt the air, and the wild winds blew keen.

Five thousand brave men he claimed as his own,
And he revelled in glee o'er his trophies of war,
And danced on the field like a spectre, alone,
To the "music of groans" which he heard near and far.

Five thousand slain ! there they lay stiff and cold ;
In heaps they had fallen, 'twas a bloody affray ;
Here, a fine manly youth clasped a veteran bold,
There, in mingled confusion together they lay.

No mother was near, no sister stood by,
No lover to cheer them, no friend to be found ;
There, on the cold ground, unnoticed, they die,
Except by brave comrades all dying around.

Then tell not of war and her conquests again,
Of her valorous deeds and her victories won,
But tell ye of thousands that war hath slain,
And tell of the wrongs that by war have been done.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

I HELD an infant in my arms,
Whose uplift eye was fixed on mine ;
Admiring much his countless charms,
So fair and lovely, so divine.

The soft winds played around his brow,
And sportively displaced his hair,
And pledgingly they seemed to vow,
No blast should sweep o'er one so fair.

I watched his lips, now open wide,
And now compressed, and closed quite ;
As if some secret they would hide,
Imprisoned in those lips so tight.

And oft his eye was fixed above,
And smiles angelic lit his face ;
I loved him with a mother's love,
But felt that earth was not his place.

I mourned—to lose that one so dear
Would rend my heart with grief and pain :
The floweret frail I longed to rear,
But felt that all my care was vain.

His features to my mind conveyed
Strange thoughts of angels sometimes seen ;
I wondered much what angels said,
And what those angel visits mean.

Not long I wondered, for next morn
My boy grew pale ; then flushed his cheek,
And quickly by affliction worn,
My bright-eyed babe lay low and weak.

He died ! was buried ! now I know
What Angels whisper to the young ;
They gently sigh in winds that blow,
“Come soon, where Heaven’s songs are sung.”

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE SABBATH.

ABOVE yon gold-fringed hills the Sabbath sun
Ascendeth bright, and chaseth night away,
And painteth nature with all lovely tints,
And waketh drowsy earth, all moist with dew,
And bidd'th creation rise, to hail the day,
The peaceful Sabbath day, the day of rest !
And nature, freshened by her late repose,
Awaketh swift to greet the sacred morn ;
The flowers uncloseth their petalled mouths
To drink the morning light and breathe the day ;
While dangling dewdrops, shaking 'mid the grass,
All glitter in the sun, reflecting bright
And in ten thousand forms of varied hue,
The sun's bright self ; and cattle, waking, rise
And stretch their rested forms ; or, playful, skip
Amid their kind ; or stand alone, as if
To enjoy the morn, and breathe the freshened air
And watch their vap'ry breath go forth and rise
In tiny clouds ; and hopping birds soft chirp
Their early greeting to the sacred morn ;
And men arise—the good to thank their God
For Sabbath days, the type of heavenly rest.
A general quiet now pervades the town,
Which, late so full of business, full of life,
Hath swiftly donned a more befitting garb,

And all prepared, doth greet the Sabbath morn
With quiet seeming, hailing glad the day.
The wonted hum of business life is hushed,
No worldly strife distracts the godly soul,
Which, like the lark, doth plume her drooping wings,
And soar aloft, to carol 'mid the skies,
And warble forth her morning song of praise,
And hold communion sweet with God and heaven.
The cotter, waking with the early sun,
Thanks God for Sabbath days, his days of rest ;
And rising from his bed, refreshed by sleep,
Opes wide his latticed window, thence to catch
The fragrant perfumes wafted by the wind,
And rising sweet from all his garden flowers,
Sweet flavour'd too with scent of new-mown hay ;
Then calleth all his little ones to rise,
And praiseth God, that, mid the joys of home,
Of children, wife, and friends, he may awhile
Remain, and keep the sacred Sabbath day.
And now the village bells make sweet accord,
And call the rich and poor to meet as one,
And leaving earthly thoughts for other hours
To meet on this glad morn, and raise to God
Their matin hymn of praise for mercies given.
And from the stately hall, the lowly cot,
They wend their way to yonder holy pile,
To spend an hour in commune with their God ;
To gather strength for future strife and toil,

That, well prepared, and strong in God's own strength,
They may right boldly meet the world, and fight
Their foes, and face life's storms, and serve their God.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

*THE TWO DREAMS AND THE DESERT
MIRAGE.*

I LAID me down to die. No friend was near
To cool my throbbing pluse and fevered brow ;
To tend my wasted frame, and cheer my soul
By talking of the Paradise above.
My lips were parched, my throat was hot and dry,
My head was 'inly racked' with torturing pains :
The Desert-thirst had drained the springs of life.
The place was bare and cheerless. Naught around
Refreshed my aching eye. The arch of heaven,
Fervid and glowing, was without a cloud
To vary its expanse of burning blue.
There were no palm-trees with their cooling shade ;
There was no carpet of soft velvet sward.
The shifting sands, in showers of scathing fire,
Came driving fiercely o'er the arid plain.
The hot Simoom, fast sweeping o'er the waste,
Scorched with its fiery breath my burning cheeks.

I fell asleep, and dreamt a witching dream.
I saw, amid the drifted Desert-sands,
A beauteous spot of verdure soft and cool ;
I saw, the palm-trees with their feathery boughs,
Shading an Oasis of lovely green ;

The rich profusion of the clustering dates ;
The emerald brightness of the wavy grass ;
And, sporting in the air, the crystal spray
Thrown by a fount that bubbled from the ground
In sparkling jets of cool, delicious water.
The sight inspired new strength and energy.
I hastened onward to the lovely spot
Fast as my weary limbs would carry me.
I reached the verdure of the Oasis,
And, kneeling down beside the tinkling spring,
Sheltered by palm-trees from the noon-tide heat,
I was about to lave my burning lips
In the cool ripples of the limpid rill,
When I awoke, and lo ! it was a dream !
I found myself upon the scorching sand ;
The fiery rays of Afric's mid-day sun
Streaming with all their fury on my head.

Again I fell asleep, and dreamt a dream,
But not again of the Great Sahara.
I dreamt that I had left this Desert-world,
And gone to the bright Oasis of Heaven.
I crossed the deep and darkling River,—Death,
And landed on the shores of Paradise.
What rapture thrilled my bosom ! what delight !
When first I trod on Eden's silvery beach ;
When first I breathed the taintless atmosphere ;
And gazed enchanted on the cloudless skies.

Bright in the distance shone the pearly gates,
The walls of jasper, and the streets of gold,
The burnished spires of Heaven's high palaces,
The seraph-mansions, and the thrones of saints.
Bright in the sunshine of eternal day,
I saw the glitter of the jewelled crowns,
The snowy whiteness of the spotless robes,
The dazzling radiance of the angel-throng,
And in the midst of flaming cherubim,
The burning splendour of Jehovah's throne.
I heard the strains of heavenly melody
That warbled sweetly forth from angel-choirs ;
The rich vibrations of the golden harps ;
And, bursting forth in grandest harmony,
The chorus of the hallelujah-swell.
I wandered through the fields of fadeless green,
And 'neath the bowers of twining amaranth.
I saw at length the trees that overhang
The gentle ripple of the Stream of Life,
And, hastening forward, I put forth my hand
To pluck a cluster of the luscious fruit,
When I awoke, and lo ! 'twas all a dream !
I found myself upon the Desert-sand !

Long while I lay upon the burning waste,
Praying that Death would free me from my pain ;
That I might see the realms of Paradise,
And realise the pleasure of my dream.

At length I raised my eyes : a wondrous sight
Appeared in beauty to my raptured gaze.
I saw a lovely vale of richest green,
Whose verdant lap was strewn with fragrant flowers.
Gently meandering beneath the shade
Of spreading foliage, was a purling brook,
Its waters lucid as the sparkling dew,
And softly plashing on the matted grass.
The wild luxuriance of the mantling vine
Was richly purpled o'er with luscious grapes,
That hung in tempting clusters, full and ripe.
Dragging my wearied body from the ground,
A flame of hope enkindled in my breast,
I hastened towards the fair, enchanting scene,
When lo ! it faded suddenly from view,
And naught remained but boundless wastes of sand !
'Twas but the Mirage of the Sahara !

T. F. LOCKYER.

GLIMPSES OF PARADISE.

I wandered 'mong the flowers
In lonely solitude,
And 'mid the floral bowers
A gushing streamlet viewed,
O'er-hung with flowers so gay,
Its waters fresh and clear,
Ran, gurgling on their way
To join a river near ;
While on its verdant banks
The feathered songsters raised
A song of evetide thanks,
Their great Creator praised.
'Mid Nature's scenes there oft arise
These pictures fair of Paradise.

I wandered 'mong the poor
One chill and frosty morn ;
Entered a cottage door
Where one lay, weak and worn ;
And there, beside her bed,
A child, so young and fair,
Bent o'er the sufferer's head,
And lisped sweet words of prayer ;
I gazed with sweet delight

Upon the holy scene,
Was gladdened by the sight,
And thanked God I had been
'Mong poor ones, whom we oft despise,
To catch a glimpse of Paradise.

I wandered once again
To see a Christian die ;
One who long months had lain
In pain and agony ;
Yet 'fore he entered heaven,
That fair and sinless land,
Sweet peace and joy were given
From Jesu's loving hand ;
And then his soul, set free,
Left earth and soared away,
And rose triumphantly,
To never-ending day.
Such scenes as these, which some despise,
Suggest sweet thoughts of Paradise.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

ON Pisgah's summit stands the holy man,
And glances o'er the fertile plains below,
O'er all the "Land of Gilead unto Dan,"
And o'er the stretching plains of Jericho.

He looks with steadfast gaze on all the land,
Beholds it, dressed in all its loveliness ;
And magnifies his God ! whose mighty hand
Hath hither brought him, thro' the wilderness.

By faith he views a brighter, better home,
By faith he scans the heavenly landscape o'er,
Sees angel forms, that o'er its vast plains roam,
Now flitting past, now beck'ning from its shore.

He looks no more on earth, his eyes behold
A better world on high, where all is love ;
Whose gates are pearl, and streets are paved with gold,
The Christian's "Promised Land"—his home above.

THOMAS KENINGTON.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

SEE! there the blind Bartimeus lonely sits,
His sightless eyeballs turning to the ground,
Then, wandering to and fro, as though in search of light,
His hand extended to the passers by, imploring charity,
That they, more blessed by Heaven than he,
Might Heaven thank in Heaven's own way,
And give as God had blessed.
One drops a trifle in the withered hand,
And passes on with cheery step and firm.
Another steppeth on the other side,
And hurrieth past with silent tread,
Fearful his footstep should betray his presence,
And call forth more direct appeal to charity.
Heed not Bartimeus! though he pass thee by,
For through the city's gate there cometh One
Who never turned the suppliant away!
'Tis Christ Bartimeus, hast thou heard His fame?
Have they not told thee all His wondrous acts?
'Tis He, doth raise the dead, and cast out devils,
He makes the deaf to hear, the blind to see!
Ah! thou hast heard of Jesu's power,
And thy glad soul exults with joy,
To know thy Saviour nigh!
And lo! thy tongue doth ready utterance give
To tell Him thy complaint.

He heareth, too, thy cry, though others fain
Would bid thee hold thy peace ;
And list ! He calleth for thee,
And asketh thy desire,
The burden of thy prayer ;
And saith, " Receive thy sight."

THOMAS KENINGTON.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

SURROUNDED by his relatives, and many a mourning
friend,

See how the dying Christian, firm and dauntless, meets
his end !

Though pale his cheek, and wan his brow, his eye, undim-
med and bright,

Is lit with heavenly radiance, and pure, celestial light.

Already to his clearer view the pearly gates appear,

The walls of jasper, and the band of flaming angels near :

He hears celestial music, and he sees the victor's prize,

The longed-for, glorious crown of gold that glitters through
the skies.

He waves his hand exultingly, and cries with latest breath,

"Thanks be to Him who giveth victory over sin and death !"

A smile o'erspreads his placid face ; his spirit takes its
flight,

Convoied by angels, to the realms of everlasting light.

T. F. LOCKYER.

THE CHURCHYARD.

TREAD soft 'mid the tombs,
Nor 'mid the dead
Permit thy errant foot
Its wonted license !
For round thee, sleeping,
Lie thy noble sires !
Here rests awhile, perchance,
Some warrior bold,
And peaceful sleeps,
Who once, mail-sheathed,
Struck terror in the ranks
Of hostile foe !
Here sleepeth, too, the maiden
That had won his heart,
Had urged him in the battle,
And at its close had whispered love
Into his ear !
And here, perchance, the foeman resteth
In peace beside the two :
Brave heart alike he held
Though diverse banner !

The fool here lieth
Forgotten of men !
And the wise man reposeth
Here in the tomb !

Youth sleepeth here,
Once gay and joyous,
Now cold in death!
Age here found a home,
Weary of life, it hailed as a boon
The cold dark tomb!
The good man here rests,
His dust silent sleeps
Till the last trump awake,
And the dead shall arise
To stand 'fore their God!
Then soft tread 'mid the tombs
And ponder, O man!
For thou'lt lie with the dead,
And after death—the judgment!

THOMAS KENINGTON.

*“ And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written,
KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.”*

ANGELS, in the realms of glory,
View the Lord with dazzled eye :
See the throne, the crown, the sceptre ;
Read the impress ‘on His thigh :’
‘ On His vesture’ see the words,
‘ KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.’

Bow your heads, for Christ is Monarch ;
Sinless seraphs, prostrate fall :
Bow yourselves in just submission ;
Own that Christ is ‘ Lord of all :’
Veil your faces with your wings ;
Jesus Christ is ‘ King of kings.’

Saints, upraise your tuneful voices ;
Start the anthem, strike the lyre :
Join to sing your Sovereign’s praises ;
Mingle with the angel-choir :
Bend in homage while you sing ;
Bend, ye saints, for Christ is King.

Earthly kings, 'be wise;' acknowledge
Jesu's universal sway;
'Kiss the Son, lest He be angry,
And ye perish from the way.'
Monarchs, sheathe your vengeful swords;
Jesus Christ is 'Lord of lords.'

'King of Terrors,' thou wast conquered,
When the Saviour rose to life:
Jesus left the tomb triumphant;
He was Victor in the strife.
Where, O Death, was then thy sting?
Thou must own that Christ is King.

Satan, king of hell's abysses,
Monarch of the realms of night,
Thou wast overcome by Jesus,
Crushed by His superior might:
Thou, with all thy rebel hordes,
Vanquished by the 'Lord of lords.'

Blasted by the scorching lightning,
Scarred with thunder, scathed with fire;
Thou didst feel Immanuel's vengeance,
Quail beneath His awful ire:
Thou didst feel the flaming swords
Of the wrathful 'Lord of lords.'

On the last great day of judgment,
 When the trumpet-blast shall sound ;
When the Lord shall come in glory,
 Throned on clouds, with lightnings crowned ;
 Doomed to endless suffering,
 Thou shalt own that Christ is King.

In that day of dread tribunal
 All shall know Immanuel's 'Name :'
'On His thigh,' and 'on His vesture,'
 'Written' in eternal flame,
 Every eye shall see the words,
 'KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.'

T. F. LOCKYER.

THE CHASE.

THE ruddy smiles of rosy dawn
Had flushed the verdure of the lawn,
When, rising from his flowery bed,
Rearing on high his antlered head,
A snowy Stag majestic stood,
The noblest tenant of the wood.
With cautious tread he left his lair,
Sniffing the while the fragrant air ;
Then, with calm eye and head erect,
His coat with sparkling pendants decked,
Quitted the forest's friendly shade,
And trod the velvet of the glade.

The Sun, most glorious to behold,
Left his imperial couch of gold ;
Woke the blithe tenants of the bough,
And kissed the blushing cloudlet's brow.
The floweret oped its glistening eye,
And hailed his bright approach with joy :
The streamlet sang a sweeter song,
As merrily it danced along :
All nature wakened with delight
To welcome back the lord of light.

How lovely was that woodland scene !
The lawn, arrayed in richest green ;

The arching canopy of blue ;
The pearly drops of sparkling dew ;
The fountain with its warbling sound,
Soft gurgling from a mossy mound ;
The crystal of the limpid stream,
Glassing Aurora's golden gleam ;
The leafage of the emerald spray ;
The blushes of the virgin day ;
And drinking at the bubbling spring,
The Stag, a lordly forest-king.

The Sun his flaming car had driven
Half o'er the azure plains of heaven ;
And radiant Noon had followed Morn ;
When the shrill blast of hunter's horn
Rang through the forest's peaceful shade,
And broke the quiet of the glade.
Affrighted at the boding sound,
The Stag, with one convulsive bound,
Leaped the bright streamlet's silvery flood,
And sought the covert of the wood.

Mounted upon a fiery steed
Of far-famed Andalusian breed,
Caparisoned with costly gear,
Rode forth a noble cavalier.
His glossy curls, as black as night,
Contrasted with his plume of white ;

His eye was lit with martial fire ;
Princely and rich was his attire.
A bloodhound of gigantic size
Followed his lord with flashing eyes,
Oft fretting at the tardy pace,
And eager to commence the chase.
The impatient charger pawed the ground,
When suddenly the sniffing hound
Scented the scarce forsaken trail,
And, lifting high his tawny tail,
Obedient to his lord's behest,
With fiery eye and swelling breast,
Rushed forward at electric speed :
The horseman spurred his chafing steed,
And slacked at once the curbing rein :
The charger shook his stately mane,
Spurned the soft verdure of the glade,
And dashed amid the forest-shade.

Onward the Stag, the steed, the hound,
Swept like a whirlwind o'er the ground ;
Leaping the mountain's wild ravine,
Skimming the prairie's lovely green,
Breasting the river's mighty tide,
Splashing the streamlet's gentle glide.
Naught seemed to quench the huntsman's fire :
Nor rugged crag, nor prickly brier,
Nor seething flood, nor deep ravine,
Delayed his course : with fearless mien,

He dashed along at lightning-speed,
Impetuous as his ardent steed.

The first faint sighs of dying day
Ruffled the leafage of the spray :
The Sun, fast setting in the west,
Was richly robed in scarlet vest.
On swept the chase, o'er hill and dale,
O'er craggy steep, and velvet vale :
Now through the mountain's rocky pass,
Now o'er the prairie's waving grass ;
Through the thick tangle of the wood ;
Across the torrent's roaring flood.
Still onward sped the gallant Stag,
Though now his strength began to flag :
His eyes protruded from his brow ;
His flanks were smeared with frothy snow.
Still onward coursed the weary hound,
But fainter grew at every bound.
Still onward swept the noble steed,
Though feebler was his failing speed :
His nostrils were distended wide,
And foam now flecked his reeking side.

A chasm, wide and fathomless,
A black and terrible abyss,

Yawned in their path—the desperate Stag
Sprang madly from a jutting crag,
And, with a wild, prodigious leap
Bounding across the dismal deep,
Fell lifeless on the rocky steep !
The bloodhound sprang—with piercing yell
Into the horrid gulf he fell !
Nobly the charger left the crag,
And lighted near the fallen Stag ;
But, striking with an awful shock
Upon a sloping ledge of rock,
Slipped backward from the flinty ground,
And fell into the dark profound !

T. F. LOCKYER.

FANNY'S DEATH.

YES! then she died. When summer days fast wane;
When leaves turn brown, and wither, and fall off
And strew the ground; and nights feel cold and chill
And birds all chatter round the chimney top;
And dew-drops sparkle in the autumn sun;
'Twas then our Fanny bade us her farewell!
She, erst so gay and joyous; "full of life"
And all of childish glee; so gentle too;
Was snatched away, and like autumnal leaf
She faded, drooped, and died—our only child!
'Twas one October eve, ere twilight fled,
She called us to her room, then said "Farewell!"
The hectic flush spread o'er her sunken cheek,
Her eye most lustrous shone, her failing voice
Grew faint and fainter still, as Fanny said
"Come hither Father; hither, ere I die,
And Mother come, and stand beside my bed."
Then pointing upward with her trembling hand
She faintly whispered: "Yes! I come! I come!
No more of earth, no more its summer days!
No more of earth, of sickness and of pain;
But life is mine, eternal life I claim!"
And Fanny died! *our own*, our lovely child!

THOMAS KENINGTON.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH, so potent now to save,
Will not be known beyond the grave :
Hope, which now doth cheer us most,
In full fruition will be lost :
But Charity will live above,
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.

T. F. LOCKYER.

TO THE CHRISTIAN.

WHAT though the way be cheerless ?
The desert wild and drear ?
Let not thy faith forsake thee
Thou hast a Brother near !
Rely on His protection !
Trust to His guiding hand !
And He shall bring thee safely
To Eden's happy land !

What though Satanic legions
Are armed for deadly fight ?
Christ Jesus is thy Captain !
The starry crown's in sight !
Fight bravely in the conflict
That closes round thee now !
For soon the victor's laurel
Shall deck thy radiant brow !

What though the storm-clouds gather ?
And billows overwhelm ?
And loud the tempest rages ?
Thy Father's at the helm !
And near thee is a haven —
How near thou canst not tell —
Where storm-clouds never gather !
Where surges never swell !

T. F. LOCKYER.





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